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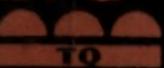
LIM JIM AND THE HOODOO

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

THOMAS BARNES

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SIM JIM AND THE HOODOO

A Negro Farce in One Act, for Five Male Characters

BY
THOMAS BARNES

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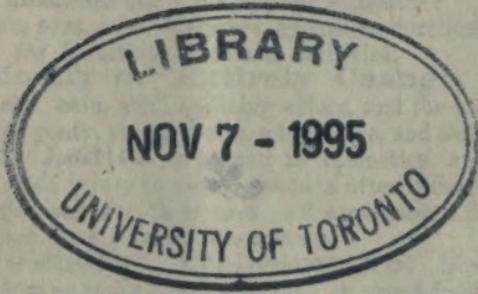
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SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO.

CHARACTERS.

SLIM JIM.....*Proprietor of a grocery store.*
SLIPPERY DICK.....*A tough customer.*
DEACON JONES.....*Who shoots craps on the quiet.*
PATENT PETER.....*With a patent for everything.*
COPPER CATCHEM.....*A fat and stuttering policeman.*

TIME OF PLAYING—THIRTY MINUTES.

PROPERTIES.

Signs, show-cards, posters, and various other advertising devices. Barrel marked "Powder." Box marked "Padded Herring." Barrel with loosened top to fall in. Bag of prunes. Basket of apples. A few bananas. Bag of raisins. A cut pie. Stuffed clubs for CATCHEM and JIM. Cake for DICK. Jar containing molasses taffy sticks. Dish of jam tarts. Umbrella, dice, barrel-stave and white beans for DEACON. Paper and pencil for JIM. Bag, umbrella, circulars and club painted to resemble a sausage for PETER. Flash-box or red fire and fire-cracker for explosion.

COSTUMES.

JIM. Typical make-up of "sporty" darky.

DICK. Typical make-up of "tough" small boy nigger.

DEACON. Old Prince Albert coat; shabby trousers; big shoes; old silk hat; faded umbrella.

PETER. Shabby-genteel. Tall hat and frock coat. Bag and umbrella.

CATCHEM. Policeman's helmet, coat, etc. Very large stomach which impedes his movements.

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the performer faces the audience. R. means right; L., left; c., centre; R. c., right of centre; L. c., left of centre; 1 G., 2 G., 3 G., first, second and third grooves. 1 E., 2 E., 3 E., first, second and third entrances. UP STAGE, toward the flat or back scene; DOWN STAGE, toward the audience.

SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO.



SCENE.—SLIM JIM's grocery store. *A plain room in 3 G. Door R. C. in flat. Practical window L. C. in flat. Counter R. running up and down stage. Signs, show-cards, posters and various other advertising matter on the walls. Placards, viz.: "No Trust, No Bust"; "This is my busy Day"; "I has Troubles ob my own"; and similar mottoes tacked up promiscuously. Barrels, boxes, cans, bags, etc., disposed about the stage and on the counter.*

ENTER SLIM JIM, door in flat.

JIM. Bodder dem flies! (*Waves arms to scare off flies.*) Dey's wuss'n de berry debbil. G'wan away, I tole yer! (*Comedy business of slapping his own face, etc.*) Can't yer let a feller breathe widout sailin' up his nose? Shoo, fly! Shoo, fly! (*Sneezes; comedy business.*) I's afeard dis yere store am hoo-doo'd. I done opened up at 'zactly three minutes afore five dis mawnin' an' I ain't had nary a customer yet. Shoo, fly! (*Business of shooing flies.*) I done t'ought it'd be bad luck ter open up a store where dey used to be a policy shop. (*Looks around.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned ef de flies ain't a roostin' all ober ma new signs. Shoo, fly! (*Waves his arms at the signs on walls.*) Shoo, I tole yer! Shoo! (*Takes off coat and throws it at imaginary flies, and in doing so knocks down cans, signs, etc.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned ef dem 'ere flies am gwine ter get de best ob me. (*Picks up coat, climbs upon barrel, stands on the edges, and shakes his coat at the flies; then steps upon the prepared top of barrel and falls in.*) Well, I'll be dog-goned! De next time I opens a store it'll be where dey ain't no flies allowed.

ENTER CATCHEM, *door in flat.*

CATCHEM (*drawing his club*). Wha-wha-wha-what's all dis noise er—er—er—erbout?

JIM. Golly! Now I's gone an' done it. (*Gets down into barrel.*)

CATCHEM (*looking around astonished; stammers*). Ga—ga—ga—groceries! In de policy shop! (*Takes an apple; bites it.*) Ra—ra—ra—real st—st—st—stuff, ta—ta—too.

JIM (*peeping over top of barrel*). Dat settles ma store ef he starts in eatin' t'ings.

CATCHEM (*throws away apple; takes a banana*). Um! (*Eats it.*) Um! Pa—pa—pa—policy shop!

JIM (*aside*). He'll chew up more stuff dan de flies.

CATCHEM (*helps himself to a piece of pie from counter*). Um! Um!

JIM. He's eatin' up all de profits. I guess de best t'ing I ken do is ter get out an' let him hab the hull store to hisself. Den I won't hab ter face de creditors. (*Quietly tries to extricate himself from barrel.*)

CATCHEM (*stuttering*). I wouldn't mind belonging to dis yere club myself. (*Comedy business of eating pie; stands with his back to JIM.*)

JIM (*failing to get out of barrel, sees a club at his L*). Ef I ken only reach dat club—! (*Reaches for club, CATCHEM turns, sees JIM, creeps over, and hits him a whack with his club. JIM yells and disappears into barrel.*)

CATCHEM. Ca—ca—come ou—ou—out!

JIM (*emerging*). How's I gwine ter come out when yo' won't let me?

CATCHEM (*stammering*). Come out, I tole yer. (*Hits him another whack.*)

JIM (*yells*). Wow! (*Disappears again.*)

CATCHEM (*stammering*). Yo' come along wid me.

JIM. How's I gwine wif you in a barrel?

CATCHEM (*clubs JIM, then rolls him around in barrel; stammers*). I'll teach you ter play policy. I'll get the patrol wagon. (*Clubs JIM and EXIT, door in flat.*)

JIM. Well, I'll be dog-goned! Club me ober de head, an' get a patrol wagon fer me—all 'cause I opened a store. I done knowed dis yere place wus hoodoo'd.

ENTER SLIPPERY DICK, *door in flat*. JIM ducks down into barrel. DICK saunters slowly in, eating a piece of cake and inspecting the store very leisurely. JIM rises slowly from barrel. DICK perceives him, laughs, then grows frightened. Comedy business of JIM moving up and down slowly, while DICK moves in the opposite direction, so that when JIM is down in the barrel DICK stands on tiptoe watching him, and vice versa. They never take their eyes from each other. Business continued ad libitum.

DICK. Golly! What a funny Jack-in-de-box! (*Has a laughing fit. Gets closer to barrel. JIM hits him over the head with club. DICK yells in terror.*) Wow! It's alive!

JIM. I should like to remark dat it's berry much alibe. Whad-gee-want?

DICK (*snivelling from fright*). I wants ter buy some groceries.

JIM. Well, I'll be dog-goned! He's a customer. (*Tries to get out of barrel.*) 'Scuse me fer remainin' in dis yere position, sah, but da's a couple o' nails in dis barrel I cyan't get aroun'. (*Rubs his hands.*) Now, sah, what ken I do fer yo'?

DICK (*with his mouth wide open, about to take a bite of cake*). Eh?

JIM (*as before; smiling*). What ken I gib yer?

DICK (*finishing the cake, choking, etc.*). Got any apples?

JIM. Wal, I guess! Fine apples, pineapples, an' green apples. Ten cents a quart. How many quarts will yer hab?

DICK. I doan' reckon I ken eat more'n a quart.

JIM (*comedy business of trying to get out of barrel*). 'Scuse me, sah, ken I trouble yo' ter hand me dat apple basket? (*Points to apples.*)

DICK (*grinning*). Sartin, you ken. (*Lifts basket, spilling the apples, which he takes to JIM, one by one, loading JIM's arms, dropping the apples, etc.*)

JIM. Heh! Heh! What you doin'? You'll bruise dem apples.

DICK. Dat's no moa'n you did. You done bruised ma head wid a club.

JIM. Heah, sah! You done fetch me dat quart measure. (*Points, drops apples, etc.*) DICK brings measure. JIM makes a feint of hitting him, etc., then fills measure with apples.) Here's you' apples. (DICK grins, puts an apple into his mouth, one in each pocket, some in his shirt, etc.; after nodding and grinning at JIM he starts leisurely for the door. JIM shouts after him.) Heah! Yer habn' paid me.

DICK (*stops*). Wha' fer?

JIM. Why, fer dem apples, yer black rascal!

DICK (*gives a low whistle*). Well, dat's cool! Fust yer done gib 'em ter me, den yer wants payin' fer 'em.

JIM. Gabe 'em ter yer! What yer talkin' 'bout?

DICK. Didn't yer ask me what yer could gib me, an' when I asked yer if yer'd got any apples, didn' yer say "how many will yer hab"?

JIM. Look yeah! Ef yo' ain't a gwine ter pay fo' dem apples, jess fetch 'em back.

DICK (*throwing apples at JIM*). Take 'em. I didn't ask yer fer 'em, did I?

JIM (*dodging apples*). Look yeah! Ef yer don't quit, I'll chuck yer out.

DICK. Aw, what yer givin' us? Come on 'n chuck me out. I double dare yer ter chuck me out.

JIM. We'll see 'bout dat. You's got to hab de price ter git anyting out'n dis stoah. When yo' ain't got no money yo' needn' come 'roun.

DICK. Who says I ain' got no money? What's de matter wid dat? (*Shows money*.)

JIM. Well, ef yo' wants ter buy anyting gib it a name; den we'll hab a chance ob knowin' where we're at an' what ails yer.

DICK. I wants two cents' worth ob red prunes.

JIM. Heah, young man, jess han' me dat bag. (*Points; business of DICK getting the wrong bag, etc.; finally he hands the one wanted; JIM opens it.*) Heah's your prunes.

DICK (*takes a handful and examines them*). What's dis?

JIM. What yo' done asked for—*prunes*.

DICK. Did I? Mus' hab made a mistook. I wants *red prunes*.

JIM (*disgusted*). I guess you mus' mean *raisins*.

DICK. Yaas, dat's it, *raisin*.

JIM. Waal, ef I wus out'n dis yere barrel I'd gib yer a *raisin'* yer wouldn't fergit in a hurry. Gimme dat odder bag. (*Points*. DICK gets wrong bags, as before; finally hands the right one to JIM.) Heah, now. Dar's you' red prunes, er raisins, or what you call 'em.

DICK (*takes a handful of raisins, inspects them critically, scratches his head, strokes the raisins, counts them, tastes them, etc. Throws one at JIM*). Hab yer got any 'lasses taffy?

JIM. Yaas—penny a stick.

DICK. I t'ink I'll hab two sticks o' taffy 'stead ob dese yere raisins. (*Hands back raisins*.)

JIM (*grabbing raisins*). Yo' doan' know what yo' wants. Dar's de taffy on de counter. Help you'se'f to two sticks.

DICK (*goes to counter; takes two sticks; bites one and tastes the other*). Say, mister, how'd it do ef I only took one stick ob taffy an' had a jam tart 'stead o' de odder?

JIM. See heah, sonny, you's 'zaustin' my patience. You ken change it dis once, but, min' yo', dis'll hab ter be de las' time.

DICK. (*Business of inspecting the sticks of taffy. He lays down the one he has bitten and takes a tart. Comedy business of sticking fingers into the jam, licking them, etc. Starts for the door*) Ta, ta. See yer later.

JIM. Heah, nigger! We wants no more ob dem tricks. Jess turn up de money.

DICK. Wha' fer?

JIM. Dat tart.

DICK. W'at yer talkin'? Didn' I gib yer a stick o' taffy fer dat tart?

JIM. Yes, but yo' nebber paid me fer de taffy.

DICK (*indignantly*). 'Course I did. Didn' I gib yer de raisins fer 'em?

JIM (*angrily*). But you's nebber paid fo de raisins!

DICK. Well, I knows dat, but I didn' keep de prunes, did I?

I gabe em to yer back. What more d'yer want? Yer doan 'spect I's gwine ter pay what I done gabe yer back?

JIM (*now thoroughly aroused*). Get out er here, yo' black rascal!

DICK. Wusn't I a goin' out when yo' stopped me?

JIM. Go on now, no back talk.

DICK. But you owes me a cent yet.

JIM (*glaring ominously*). Wha' fer?

DICK (*backing toward door*). 'Cos I only got one stick of taffy.

JIM (*furiously*). Well?

DICK. Well, de taffy's only worth one cent, an' I gabe yer two cents' worth ob raisins fer it; derefore yer owes me one cent. But if yer like, I'll take anodder stick instead.

JIM. I'll gib yer anodder stick! (*Grabs the club and knocks over cans, etc., trying to hit DICK, who runs around, making faces at JIM, etc.; finally he runs toward the door just as*

CATCHEM ENTERS door in flat.

DICK runs into CATCHEM, who falls completely over him. DICK then escapes through door in flat. JIM aims a blow of the club at DICK, but CATCHEM receives it as he is about to rise.

CATCHEM (*rising*). A—a—h—h—h! A—ha! (*Waves club.*)

JIM (*laughing*). Ah—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!

[CATCHEM strikes at JIM with club. JIM strikes back.

Comedy business of poorly aimed blows; CATCHEM striking so hard that he throws himself completely off his feet, etc. Then they fight a comedy duel with the clubs, ad libitum. Then CATCHEM knocks JIM's club out of his hands and JIM ducks down into the barrel. CATCHEM rolls the barrel around, turns it over on side, and hits JIM on the head every time the latter tries to come out, at the same time trying to drive him out by clubbing the other end of the barrel. Finally CATCHEM drags JIM out of the barrel, seizes him by the collar, and tries to drag him off through the door. JIM breaks loose, grabs CATCHEM,

throws him into the barrel and rolls him out through the door. Noise of barrel rolling down steps, glass crash, loud yelling, etc. JIM grabs his club and stands beside door ready to hit CATCHEM if the latter should re-enter.

ENTER DEACON JONES, *door in flat*. JIM hits him a terrific blow on the head with club, knocking his hat down over his eyes.

DEACON (*falling on his hands and knees*). Lawd a massy! De end ob de worl' hab shorely come!

JIM (*starts to hit DEACON again, but perceives his mistake*). Well, I'll be dog-goned! I reckon I done treed de wrong coon. Howdy, Deakin?

DEACON (*on hands and knees*). Toler'ble, toler'ble. sah. How's you'se'f?

JIM. Poo'ly, Deakin, poo'ly. Dat las' earthquake done shattered ma nerves a powerful lot.

DEACON. Yo' doan say! I done 'speck de end ob de worl' hab shorely come. (*Rising and limping; rheumatic business with umbrella, etc.*) But whar's de policy shop?

JIM (*waving his arm and shaking his hand mysteriously*). Sh!

DEACON (*imitating same business*). Sh!

JIM (*goes to window, l. c.; same business*). Sh!

DEACON (*hobbles to window; same business*). Sh!

JIM (*crosses to door, r. c.; same business*). Sh!

DEACON (*hobbles to door; same business*). Sh!

JIM (*coming down stage; same business*). Sh!

DEACON (*following; same business*). Sh!

JIM. De policy shop's busted.

DEACON. Go on! Yo' doan mean ter say we can't play no mo'?

JIM. Dat's what's de matter wid Hannah. I done reckon de best way ter play policy nowadays is ter spend yer money fer a peck ob apples an' a sack o' 'taters ter make yer home happy. Now, hones', Deakin, as a pillar ob de chu'ch, what am you' advice?

DEACON. Aftah an undue consideration ob de question befo'

de meetin', I shed reckon yo' wus tole'able kerrect. An' dat's jess what I came ter suggest.

DICK (*enters door in flat*). Say! Maw wants a peck o' pickled pipers.

JIM (*throws a can at him*). Get out'n here!

DICK (*dodging*). Ya, ya, ya! (*Makes faces; exit*).

JIM. Now, Deakin, I's ready fer you' order. (*Gets paper and pencil.*)

DEACON (*aside*). I aint got nary a cent, but heah's a chance ter stock up de house on credit. (*To JIM.*) Fust, I'll take——

JIM. Nebber mind, Deakin. I'll send it fo' you.

DEACON. Berry well. Yo' ken send us a bottle of Cologny water.

JIM. Ob whateny water?

DEACON. Doan know what Cologny water is? I reckon yo' nebberr studied geography. Why, Cologny water is sumfin' yo' puts all 'roun' de house an' make it smell jess like de Garden ob Eden in full bloom.

JIM. Ain't got no Cologny water.

DEACON. Den yo' ken sen' erbout twenty pounds ob dog meat.

JIM. Ain't got no dog meat.

DEACON. An' a package ob rat p'isin.

JIM. Jess out o' rat p'isin.

DEACON. An' a half gallon ob gin.

JIM. Ain't got no gin.

DEACON. An' a quart bottle ob gin.

JIM. Ain't got no gin.

DEACON. An' a pint bottle ob gin.

JIM. Jess out ob gin.

DEACON. An' a half pint ob gin.

JIM. Didn't I tell yo'——?

DEACON. An' a glass ob gin.

JIM. I say, I done tole yer——

DEACON. An' a empty gin bottle.

JIM. Didn't I jess say——?

DICK (*enters door in flat*). Say! Maw wa, a peck o' pickled pipers.

JIM (*throws a can at him*). Get out'n here!

DICK (*dodging*). Ya, ya, ya! (*Makes faces and exit.*)

DEACON. I s'pose yo'll send dat order right ober?

JIM (*looks at paper*). But, Deakin, yer ain't ordered nuffin' yet.

DEACON. Look yere, sah; don't 'cuse me ob not knowin' what I's a doin'.

JIM (*shows order-blank*). See fer you'se'f, Deakin. Dey ain't nuffin' wrote.

DEACON. Den why ain't dey nuffin' wrote?

JIM. 'Cause why, Deakin—

DEACON. Den I tole yo' what I'll do. I'll shoot yo' a game o' craps. (*Produces dice.*) Come sebben. (*Throws dice on counter.*) Come sebben. (*Throws again.*) Come sebben. (*Throws again.*) Sebben it am!

JIM (*takes dice*). Come eight. (*Throws on counter.*) Eight I wants. (*Throws again.*) Eight—eight—a (*adds*)—tray—
(Both are interested in the game. Heads together, etc. Work up comedy business.)

ENTER CATCHEM, door in flat. He runs down stage and hits both with his club.

CATCHEM (*stuttering*). Caught yo', eh?

[JIM runs around the counter, chased by CATCHEM and DEACON. General mix-up, at the end of which JIM and the DEACON pick up CATCHEM and throw him through the window, l. c. Glass crash heard off stage, outside of window.

ENTER DICK, door in flat.

DICK (*at door*). Say, maw wants a peck—

JIM (*throws a bag at DICK*). Get out! (*Kicks at DICK, misses him and falls. DICK dodges and runs out. JIM gets a club and the DEACON gets a barrel-stave; they stand, one on each side of the door, awaiting CATCHEM'S return.*

ENTER PATENT PETER, *door in flat.* JIM and the DEACON hit him, knock him down, jump upon him, etc. They pick him up, and are about to throw him out.

PETER. Hole on! Hole on!

DEACON. Oh, we'll hole on, all right.

[JIM and the DEACON look at PETER and, perceiving their mistake, drag him to C.

JIM
DEACON } (together). Well, I'll be dog-goned!

[PETER pulls sausage out of his bag, holds it like a pistol toward JIM, who yells and darts under the counter. Then he points it at the DEACON, who gets behind powder-barrel. PETER looks surprised, gets up and reaches very cautiously over the counter to see what has become of JIM.

PETER. Hello! What yer arter, down dere? (*Hauls JIM up by the hair.*)

JIM (yells and darts down again). Take it away! Take it away!

PETER. Look yere, old Jack-in-de-box, what's all dis bobbin' up and down fer? What's de matter wid yo'? (*Hauls JIM up again.*)

[JIM breaks loose and crawls around counter to the DEACON. They crowd each other to and from the barrel. PETER follows. They leave the barrel. Comedy business of both sneaking around, trying to avoid PETER.

JIM. Get away, will yer!

DEACON. He's a anarchist come ter blow us up wid a bomb.

JIM. Take it away! Put it down!

DEACON. No, don't put it down; it'll 'plode!

PETER (banging sausage upon counter). Dere, it's down.

DEACON (on his knees, shaking). De end ob de worl' am shorely come!

PETER. Gemmens! (JIM and DEACON jump.) Yo' see dar one of de greates' 'ventions of de nineteen hundred an' twentieth century.

DEACON. Eh?

PETER. It am one of my new patent sausages.

JIM
DEACON } (together). Sausages! (*They go to him.*)

PETER. Yes, sausages. By means of dat, sah, folks what can't make bofe ends meet will now hab de opportunity ob' makin' one end potatoes. (*Waves his arms in argument, striking JIM in the face with one hand and knocking off DEACON's hat with the other.*) Dat, sahs (*taking sausage—DEACON picks up hat and puts it on*), am my patent, imperishable, undamageable, eberlastin', conglomerate, consolidated sausage. It am composed of equal parts of minced meat, pigs' feet, boiled carrots an' mashed potatoes, fully seasoned with pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar an' kerosene, and preserbed, enclosed and consolidated togedder in one solid mass wid gum arabic, goose-grease an' mutton taller. De air am also extracted from de skin as de stuffin am forced in. Dere! (*Bangs sausage upon counter, at which JIM and the DEACON jump.*) Dere, sah; what d'yer t'ink of a idea like dat?

JIM. It cert'nly soun's 's if dere's sumfin' in it.

PETER (proudly). Dere's a fortune in it! (*Waves his arms, striking JIM's face and knocking off DEACON's hat, as before.*)

DEACON (*picking up hat*). I t'ought yo' said dere was meat an' carrots.

PETER. So dere am, an' a fortune too fer de man what takes dat sausage up. (*JIM and the DEACON scramble for the sausage. PETER grabs it.*) What's de dif-fu-culty?

JIM. I'll take one.

DEACON. Put down one fo' me.

PETER. Examine it well, sah. (*Hands it to JIM.*) I 'spec's ter make an' sell dem sausages by de million. Why, fer army purposes dem sausages can't be touched.

JIM (*has been trying to bite sausage*). No, nor eaten, neider. Fer ram-rods an' playin' skittles, dey ought to be A, I.

PETER. Dere's no end to deir usefulness, sah. An' what's more, dere's no fear ob 'em ebber gwine bad. Place dem fer a t'ousand years under a blazin' sun in de most tropical climate, an' dey'll keep as sweet as buttermilk. One cubic inch ob one oh

dose sausages will go furder, an' be more fillin' an' satisfyin', dan half a dozen dinners ob roas' geese, roas' pork, or any odder wild fowl. Now, jess lemme sell yer a sample lot ob five t'ousand.

DEACON (*grabs sausage from JIM*). Lemme smell dat.

PETER. Smell? Dere's no more smell 'bout dat sausage dan dey is erbout me.

DEACON. Well, dat's sayin' a great deal. (*Business with sausage from this point until explained in further business.*)

PETER (*taking handbill from bag*). Heah's a circular ob my patent toilet machine. Sabes no end ob time, trouble, 'spense, an' bad language. When yer gits up in de mawnin' yer jess pops yer head in dis end ob de machine an' den, widout any furder trouble, an' while yer jess cuttin' yer nails, it comes out at de odder end all lathered and shaved, hair cut an' brushed, shampooed, bamboood, face washed, teeth brushed, nose blowed and wiped—all widout de slightest agitation an' in less time dan it usually takes a man ter find his collar-stud. An' talkin' 'bout collar-studs, I's got a patent fer utilizin' warts on de neck fo' collar studs.

[*JIM and the DEACON feel of their necks.*

DEACON. Supposin' a man ain't got no warts. What den?

PETER. Den I perwides anudder 'vention that grows warts ober night.

JIM. How's yo' goin' ter make anyt'ing on usin' a wart fer a collar button.

PETER. Dat's where de patent comes in. It pervents anybody usin' his warts fo' dat purpose unless he's got a permit an' pays me a royalty. Now, I's open ter sole yer de sole royalty fo' dis yere distric', fer a lump sum, cash down.

JIM. No use ter me. Yer see, berry few people 'roun' dis yere neighborhood wears collars at all. An' dem what does habs 'em painted on deir necks wid white paint, which sabes a heap ob trouble.

PETER (*looking into bag*). Well, den, we'll drop de collar studs.

[*The DEACON, who has been smelling, biting, tasting, hammering and jumping on the sausage, now suc-*

ceeds in getting his teeth stuck in it, and dances about trying to extricate them, yelling, etc. JIM and PETER try to help him get loose. Finally PETER grabs one end of the sausage and wrenches it loose. The DEACON yells in great pain, spits out a mouthful of teeth (white beans), and throws them toward the footlights.

DICK comes on, door in flat; upsets PETER; throws an apple at JIM, who holds his eye and yells; and pulls a chair from under the DEACON, who sits on the floor.

ENTER CATCHEM, door in flat.

CATCHEM. Th—th—th—th—thief!

PETER. Who's a thief?

CATCHEM. N—n—no—no! (Points to and chases DICK, who runs to window and climbs out. CATCHEM follows and falls out. Crash and yells outside window.)

JIM (goes to window and looks out). Well, I'll be dog-goned ef dat stuttein' copper ain't done fell on de picket fence an' killed hisself!

PETER. I done reckon it am our duty ter bring in de body an' examine de remains. (JIM and PETER go out, door in flat.)

DEACON. Poo' man! Poo' man! His fate am a toler'ble 'zample ob de cause of strong drink. (Goes L.)

[ENTER JIM and PETER, door in flat, bearing a dummy to represent CATCHEM. They keep step to a funeral march played by orchestra or piano. They place the body of the dummy upon the powder-barrel with its legs on another barrel, and attach the dummy to wires that hang from the flies. They go through its pockets, pulling out a watch that won't go, a dime novel, a copper cent and a bottle of whiskey. They fight over the bottle, but the DEACON interposes, secures the bottle and drinks most of its contents. All three scramble over the bottle. DICK runs on, door in flat, sees the fun, grins, lights a match and touches it to the powder-barrel. A

flash and explosion follow, and the dummy CATCHEM ascends to the flies, along with a lot of cans, bags, etc., that are hitched to wires. The DEACON, PETER and JIM fall into comic positions. PICTURE.

JIM. I done knowed dis yeah place wus hoodoo'd!

QUICK CURTAIN.

NEW PLAYS

ESTHER INVESTIGATES. 35 cents. A play in 3 acts, by SUSAN QUINN. 2 male, 6 female characters. 2 simple interiors. Time, about 1½ hours. *Esther* explains to *Ted* how she kidnapped her housekeeper, *Mrs. Brown*. *Ted* informs *Esther* that his sweetheart has a great aunt named *Esther Musgrave* who *Betty* thinks must be very old. *Esther* decides to masquerade as an old lady and spend two weeks with *Betty's* relatives. During her stay she wins the hearts of everyone, especially *Clarissa*, the little lame girl. When ages are discussed *Esther's* youth and identity are discovered; she drops her make-up and surprises everyone, even *Ted*. *Betty's* reunion with her grandmother, *Mrs. Brown*, is very touching and "ESTHER'S INVESTIGATION" proves a success. There is a very human touch throughout the play. Recommended for all occasions.

ELSIE'S TRIUMPH. 35 cents. Comedy in 2 acts, by LOIS W. CLARKE. 2 male, 4 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, about one hour. By the will of her father *Elsie* is compelled to live in Homedale where she finds life too quiet. To break the monotony she inserts an advertisement for roomers. The funny situations arise after the applicants arrive, one a "Darling" and one a "Blessing." Two of the girls develop the "I-he-he-we's!" Not till the final curtain is the identity of the roomers disclosed, much to everyone's surprise, and celebrations follow!

PLEASANT DISAPPOINTMENT, A. 35 cents. A play in 1 act, by INA ROBERTS. 2 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 30 minutes. A mother, with heavy heart, is making preparations for the return of her son and his new wife. Like all mothers, she thinks no girl good enough for her boy and that a son married is a son dead! *Harvey* and his wife arrive! A pleasant disappointment is in store for the mother, as instead of losing her son she has found "the daughter she always wanted." A busybody neighbor furnishes the comedy. This play is very appealing and true to life. Recommended for all occasions.

BETTER MAN, THE. 30 cents. Play in 1 act, by KITTY PARSONS. 2 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 20 minutes. Through *Joy's* being laid up by an accident she has ample opportunity of studying the characters of two of her sweethearts. One is bored by her illness while the other cancels a European trip to be with her. Of course the "better man" wins.

IN THE OLDEN GOLDEN DAYS. 35 cents. A novelty minstrel for any number of characters (either all female, or male and female) and 2 children, by EVA M. BACON. No special scenery required. Time, depending on songs and specialties introduced, as there is wide scope for sentimental or jazz songs, buck and wing dance, cake walk, etc. Just the thing for a church or woman's club program. Easy to produce and a money maker. Given with great success by the Parent Teachers' Association of Richmond Hill.

YOUTH REBELS. 35 cents. A comedy in 2 acts, by CLARA R. AVERELL. 7 female characters. 2 simple interiors. Time, about 1 hour. The town gossips have wrongfully accused the girls of joy riding, so the girls decide to get even. While the mischief makers are eavesdropping, the girls plan a bogus, wild midnight party which so shocks the gossips that they decide to attend the party and reform the girls. The uproar is caused when, dressed in old-fashioned bathing suits, they climb in a second story window only to find there is no party! What is the older generation coming to! Trying to pass it off as a joke but very much humiliated the gossips promise to tell the truth in the future. Recommended for all occasions.

AUNT ABIGAIL'S BOMB. 35 cents. Comedy in 1 act, by KITTY PARSONS. 3 female characters. 1 simple interior. Time, about 30 minutes. *Abigail* and *Samanthy* have just read a warning in the papers "Beware of Bombs" when the postman delivers an unexpected package. Naturally they take it for granted it must be a bomb. The antics they go through handling the package are a scream; they finally succeed in throwing it out of the window—but it doesn't explode! The niece arrives and is told by her aunts they've been bombed! *Alise* climbs out of the window after the bomb! What is in the package is revealed in the play. Every part good,

NEW PLAYS

★JUST BLUFF. 35 cents. A play in 1 act, by CLARA R. AVERELL, 3 male, 4 females. 1 interior scene. Time, 45 minutes. No special costumes required. *Tom* and *Madeline* entertain their friends in their *Aunt's* hotel apartment. Naturally their friends marvel at their sudden rise in the world, and the expenses of its upkeep causes the breaking of one couple's engagement. They plan an elaborate dinner, hoping the butcher and grocer will not appear to spoil things. The tailor threatens to sue. Finally *Madeline* confesses that it is all "just bluff" and all couples agree to arrange budgets and start all over again.

★BONNIE AND BILLY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM. 35 cents. A Christmas play in 2 acts, by ELEANOR DUBUSSON, for any number of children. 2 simple interiors. Time, from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, according to specialties introduced. MRS. BRANT gives the children a Christmas party and relates a Christmas story to them; she is interrupted by the entrance of the Carol Singers. After the party *Bonnie* and *Billy* fall asleep under the tree while watching for *Santa Claus* and are taken to *Santa Clausland* by the *Dream Fairies*. What they see is shown in the play. Excellent for school and church entertainment.

★IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY. 25 cents. A clever monolog, by ELEANOR DUBUSSON, impersonating 3 female characters. No stage setting or costuming required. Time, about 20 minutes.

★OLD MAIDS' PLEA, The. 35 cents. An entertainment in one scene, by MRS. DEAL THOMPSON. 14 female characters (more or less, to suit circumstances.) No scenery required. Time, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, according to specialties introduced. There is ample scope for all sorts of specialties as, at a meeting of the Old Maids' Union, each member sings the praises of "mere man" until the arrival of *Aunt Scrap* who tries to disillusionize the girls. She succeeds in taking them all to her wishing pond to rejuvenate and beautify them. Especially suited for women's clubs.

★MINSTRETTES, The. 35 cents. A snappy, well constructed minstrel first part, by FREDERICK G. JOHNSON, for any number of female characters, either white or black face, (6 endwomen and chorus). Time, 1 hour. No scenery required. This entertainment will meet the popular demand and will be found suited to all the requirements for a female minstrel. Specialties may be introduced according to available talent.

LENA RIVERS. 35 cents. A comedy drama in 4 acts by MARIE DORAN. 6 male, 5 female characters, 2 easy interiors. Time $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Based upon incidents of the well known novel of Mary J. Holmes. The plot revolves around the trials of *LENA* and her GRANDMOTHER, who from force of circumstances are compelled to leave their Northern home and reside in the South, with *LENA*'s uncle. A haughty Southern cousin is the cause of most of the friction, ably seconded by *LENA*'s father, and it is through his vanity and weakness that *LENA* is accused of—what and why, is unfolded in the play. \$10.00 royalty per performance for amateurs.

MOLLY BAWN. 35 cents. A comedy drama in 4 acts, by MARIE DORAN. 1 male, 4 female characters (or by doubling, 5 male and 3 female). Time, about 2 hours. Based upon incidents from a story by "The Duchess." The story is woven about Eleanor Masserene (*Molly Bawn*), whose mother eloped with a young Irishman, which has so embittered her grandfather that he disinherited her. After many years of loneliness he sends for *Molly*. How the coquettish heiress wins the hard, old man, is worked out in the play sometimes in a comedy setting and again in strong dramatic tenseness. \$10.00 royalty per performance by amateurs.

PLAYS OF NOTE

For Schools and Colleges—Thirty-five cents each

			Acts	Males	Females	Time
Peggy's Predicament	Comedy	1	0	5	5	½ h
Surprises	Farce	1	2	3	3	30m
Georgianna's Wedding Gown	Farce	2	0	6	6	1½ h
Maidens All Forlorn	Comedy	3	0	6	6	1¼ h
Just For Fun	"	3	2	4	4	2h
Pair of Idiots	"	2	3	3	3	2h
Bachelor's Elopement	"	3	4	2	2	2h
Tangles	Farce	1	4	2	2	¾ h
Ma's New Boarders	Sketch	1	4	4	4	30m
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	4	2h
Men Maids and Match-makers	Comedy	3	4	4	4	2h
Regular Flirt	"	3	4	4	4	2h
When a Man's Single	"	3	4	4	4	2h
Her Ladyship's Niece	"	4	4	4	4	1½ h
Princess Kiku	Entertainment	6	0	9	9	2h
Rainbow Kimona	Comedy	2	0	9	9	1½ h
Poor Dear Uncle James	Farce	3	3	6	6	1¾ h
Importance of Pam	Comedy	3	4	5	5	1½ h
Gorgeous Cecile	Comedy	3	4	5	5	2h
Aunt Jerushy on the War-Path	Farce	3	4	5	5	2¼ h
Baby Scott	Comedy	3	5	4	4	2h
Billy's Bungalow	"	3	5	4	4	2h
Next Door	"	3	5	4	4	2h
Family Disturbance	Farce Comedy	3	5	4	4	2h
Red Rosette	Western Drama	3	6	3	3	2h
Gypsy	Drama	3	7	2	2	2½ h
Day and a Night	Comedy	2	0	10	10	1h
Sewing Circle Meets	Sketch	1	0	10	10	1¾ h
In the Absence of Susan	Comedy	3	4	6	6	1½ h
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	5	2h
Breaking Winnie	Comedy	3	5	5	5	2h
Just Plain Folks	Comedy Drama	3	6	4	4	2½ h
Lodgers Taken In	Comedy	3	6	4	4	2½ h
Shaun Aroon	Irish Drama	3	7	3	3	2h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Farce Comedy	3	4	7	7	2½ h
That Parlor Maid	Comedy	3	5	6	6	1¾ h
Handsome Is as Handsome Does	"	3	5	6	6	2h
Doctor by Courtesy	Farce	3	6	5	5	2h
Lena Rivers	Comedy Drama	4	6	5	5	2¼ h
Josiah's Courtship	" "	4	7	4	4	2h
Oak Farm	" "	3	7	4	4	2½ h
Stubborn Motor Car	" "	3	7	4	4	2¼ h
Molly Bawn	" "	4	7	4	4	2h
What's Next	Farce Comedy	3	7	4	4	2¾ h
Kathleen Mavourneen (New Version)	Drama	4	8	3	3	2h
Conspirators	Comedy	2	0	12	12	40m
I've Got to Go to the Movies	Farce	2	6	6	6	1½ h
Unacquainted With Work	Comedy	5	6	6	6	2h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	5	2h
New England Folks	Rural Drama	3	8	4	4	2½ h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4	4	2h
College Chums	Comedy	3	9	3	3	2h
Wives on a Strike	Comedy	3	6	7	7	2h
Count of No Account	Farce Comedy	3	9	4	4	2½ h
Rosemary	Playlet	4	0	14	14	1¾ h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	12	1½ h

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